THE

PROMOTION,

AND THE

ALTERNATIVE:

TWO

Poetical PETITIONS

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sr *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

Inscribed to

by the Author of the *Sine-Cure* and *Equivalent*.

Hâc non succesſit, aliâ aggrediamur Viâ.

TEREN.

Plotius, & Varius, Mœcenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius *optimus* ——

HOR.

WESTMINSTER,

Printed by A. CAMPBELL; for J. MILLAN, in *Brewer's-Lane*, near the upper End of the *Hay-Market*; and sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*. MDCCXXVI. (Price 6*d*.)

E 3221

To the Readers,

HOWEVER

DIGNIFY'D or DISTINGUISH'D

My LADIES, LORDS, *and* GENTLEMEN,

FOR *Clerk*, read *Clark*, in Page 15.
For *totus*, read *totum*, in Page 25.
For *Keer*, read *Leer*, in Page 30.

A CONDESCENTION,

Which will wonderfully oblige

The PRINTER and BOOKSELLER,

No leſs than,

My LADIES, LORDS, and GENTLEMEN

Your very moſt devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR

VERSES *to Mr.* MITCHELL;

Occasion'd by some late Criticisms *on his* POETICAL PETITIONS *to the Right Honourable Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE.

MITCHELL, ne'er mind what *Journalists* can write——
Currs bark at Mastifs, whom they dare not bite.
Let pigmy *Poets* pelt you in their Lays——
Their Panegyrick wou'd but blast your Bays.
Shall *HAYWOOD's* Tattle your Revenge provoke?
E'en let her earn a Dinner by the Joke.
Nay, shou'd tremendous *DENNIS'* Self assail,
Laugh at his Grin, and give him Leave to rail.
For 'tis enough that *STAIR* and *WALPOLE* smile,
That *POPE* approves, and you have pleas'd *ARGYLE*.
Who'd be in Spleen, whom *Princes* deign to read?
'Zoons! Fame, like yours, might turn a common Head.

R. W.

Farewell Verses *to Mr.* MITCHELL;

By the Author of the CONGRATULATORY VERSES *prefix'd to the* SINE-CURE.

THEN 'twas a Dream, or but a false Report,
That *MITCHELL* was appointed, by the *Court*,
To fill St. *Evremont's* long vacant Place,
And hold Dominion o'er a Feather'd Race.
How vain is *Fancy!* how delusive *Joy!*
Had'st Thou reign'd *Monarch*, I had rul'd *Viceroy*.
But since St. *James's* Isle's a Realm no more,
In vain, alas, did I your Aid implore!

[7]

In vain, request the Over-sight of *Trees!*
The Care of *Ducks*, and Government of *Geese!*
So, with the like Presumption, have I seen
A Country *Vicar* gape to be a *Dean*.

Yet tho' no *Sine-Cure*, my Friend, be gain'd,
Nor a long-wish'd *Equivalent* obtain'd;
Thy bold Ambition, like the Palm oppress'd,
Rises more strong, nor gives thy *Patron* Rest:
Conscious of Merit, with an *Irish-Face*,
Thou claim'st thy Due, a *Secretary's* Place,
Exalted State! While I, an humble Bard,
Must not expect, nor wish for, such Reward:
To Thee, alas, my Muse for Succour flies,
And, but by Thee, can never hope to rise.

But, if the *Deities* be still severe,
Nor *WALPOLE*, yet, vouchsafes to lend an Ear;
If 't must be so, that You and I must part,
I wish your Worship well with all my Heart.
Then, in mere Spite, my Chariot I'll ascend:
Swear, the last *Comet* did my Rise portend;
Stile my self *DOCTOR*; forwards, strait advance,
With mighty *Muff*, grave *Air*, and *Ebon Launce*;
Draw, all at once, my loud *Artillery* down,
And play my wide-mouth'd *Mortars* at the Town;
Discharge whole Rounds of Powders, and of Pills;
Take Fees of Sextons, to encrease the Bills;
Desert *Parnassus*; lay aside my Pen;
Cease murthering Rhimes, and learn to murther Men.

If *Physick* fails, to *Whipping* I'll begone,
Cast off my Chariot, and commence *Non-Con*:
From Text, to Use, and Application, rise,
Let down my Beaver, and lift up my Eyes;
With holy Leer, and hypocritick Grin,
Bawl out, aloud, against the Man of Sin.

Say,

Say, Worldly Views, and Fleshly Ends are Evil?
But to defraud their Pastor, is the Devil;
Tell them, *Christ*'s Lambs among themselves may play,
But Woe to Wolves, which skulk in Sheep's Array.

Thus, shall my Years roul on, a merry Pace,
While I abound in Wealth, and They in Grace;
And, when I die, my poor, unmeaning * Flock
Shall mount to Heaven, by clinging to my Cloak.

* *Ex.*

VERSES *to Mr.* MITCHELL,

On Reading the Manuscript of his POETICAL PETITION, *for a* Secretary's Place.

By a LADY.

O *Mitchell!* If it were thy Fate
To be a *Secretary of State*,
Wou'dst Thou, like Some, who whilom stood,
Do neither *KING*, nor *Country*, Good?
Thro' Pride, and Indolence supine,
Refuse to read a Case of mine?
Nor think it worth thy while to take
Some Trouble for a Sufferer's Sake?
Rather let *Strangers* share thy Grace,
Than put the Man, thou know'st, in Place?
Wou'dst Thou consummate Fools caress?
Oppose the *Brave*? the *Poor* oppress?
Neglect thy Honour? and thy Friend?
And lose thy Self and Him, in th'End?
Mitchell! If thou'dst prove such a Bite,
Better to sink the Office quite;
Or, in a joint Commission, put it,
So' Men shou'd mangle, gash, and gutt it.

To

* An Allusion to a famous Saying of the late Doctor *Burges* to his Congregation.

To the Author of the ALTERNATIVE.

By a Perſon of QUALITIES.

BARD of Humour! Bard of Whim!
Soul, with wit up to the Brim!
So capacious, and ſo full!
Brisk thy Brain, and thin thy Scull!
Judgment's Conduct never loſeing!
Never Reaſon's Light abuſeing!
All original and odd!
Muſe, without a Match, by ——!
Solemn, ſerious, ſprightful, gay!
Prince of the *Mitchellian* Way!
Way, to antient Bards unknown!
All their various Ways, in one!
Wonder of the preſent Age!
Proof againſt the Criticks' Rage!
—— Pity 'tis that thou ſhou'dſt need,
Penſion, or for *Place*, to plead;
When our *Journals* are ſo full
With Preferments of the *Dull*!
How I mourn thy hapleſs Fate!
Ah! thou'rt come an Age too late!
W—lp—le minds not Folks, like Thee.
For thy Sake, wou'd I were He!

But, my Friend! my Fav'rite Bard!
Sing no more, without Reward.
Rather turn, like me, *Notary*;
Or go tell the *Shades* thy Story.
When thou'rt dead, I dare engage,
Men, in ſome ſucceeding Age,
Will, in Braſs and Marble, raiſe
Honours to thy Name and Praiſe;
And, in ev'ry Land and Tongue,
Thou, 'till *Doomeſday*, ſhalt be ſung.

Unavailing Gift to Thee!
Rotting Then in Proſe, like me!

Mitchell, ere thou taſt'ſt the Grave,
There's a Crown——'tis all I have!
Take thy Bottle——cheer thy Heart——
Sing an Hymn——and ſo let's part——
This great World's not worth a ——

To my truſty and well-beloved SELF, the ingenious Author of the *Poetical Petitions* to the Right Honourable Sir *R. WALPOLE.*

Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice. ---- Hor.

HEEDLESS of what the *Cynick* World may ſay,
I to *my Self* my due Reſpects will pay.
ow can I theſe ſtupenduous Lines peruſe,
nd not be ſtruck with Wonder at my Muſe?
bright the Flame of Inſpiration burns,
hat Praiſe appears the leaſt of juſt Returns.
or breathes another *Author*, nor a *Friend*,
hom I've more hearty Reaſon to commend.

Then, deareſt *SELF!* Thou Fav'rite of the *Nine!*
ike inſpir'd by Water, or by Wine!
ho need'ſt but let thy Swan-like Genius looſe,
make each Brother-Bard appear a Gooſe——
ed'ſt neither ſcratch, take Snuff, nor bite thy Nails,
r pick thy Teeth—— Thy Matter never fails,
r flags thy Spirit: Thine's a Mine of Eaſe;
Lays, in ſpite of Reader's Teeth, muſt pleaſe!
ture's the Soul, that animates her Frame,
l Harmony refines her into Fame.

rodigeous *Bard!* whoſe comprehenſive Thought
h all Poetic Wealth is fully fraught!

Ancient

Ancient and Modern Excellence contains,
From *HOMER* down to *CIBBER* and *JO. HAINES*
How shall my stretch'd Imagination find
Encomiums, worthy such a Muse and Mind?
Awful, I read, and bend profoundly low,
So tremble puny Bards, when *DENNIS* knits his Brow.

Thrice happy Mortals, whom, in living Verse,
Thou deign'st, immortal Poet, to rehearse!
Did ever Man such strange *Petitions* see?
Who does not wish he cou'd but beg, like Thee?
Patron and Poet, matchless and renown'd!
Each, in his Way, with deathless Honours crown'd!
Both shall be prais'd, while Politicks are us'd,
And 'till Mankind, like Angels, are bemus'd.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1885

THE PROMOTION: A Poetical PETITION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

For the *Office* and *Importance*

OF

Secretary of STATE

FOR

SCOTLAND.

——— *Sume Superbiam*
Quæsitam Meritis. HOR.
——— *Levis hæc Insania, quanta*
Virtutes habeat. Ib.

WESTMINSTER:

Printed by J. CLUER and A. CAMPBELL; for J. MILLAN, in *Shug-Lane*, near the upper End of the *Hay-Market*; and ROBERTS in *Warwick*

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A

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To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

For the Office and Imperance

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Printed by J. Cluer and A. Campbell; for J. Millan, in Sidney-Alley, near the upper End of the Hay-Market; and sold by J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane. MDCCXXIX.

THE PROMOTION:

A THIRD Poetical PETITION, &c.

TWICE has the MUSE to WALPOLE told my Case,
And twice petition'd for some puny Place;
But *He*, wise Statesman! weighing my Desert,
By meaning Silence, more enflames my Heart.
Mitchell was born (methinks his Smiles import)
For HONOURS, and for OFFICES, at COURT!
So prophesied my Grandame at my Birth,
When Signs and Wonders usher'd me to Earth.

Then forward let my favour'd Genius move,
I but obey what was decreed Above.
If ought indecent from my Fingers fly,
Prevailing *Fate* is more in Fault, than I.
POETS are influenc'd, by celestial Pow'rs;
'Tis *theirs* to dictate, and to write is *ours*.

Resistance, when the Spirit moves, were vain;
Ev'n now, I feel it working in my Brain;
Like SECRETS, in a *Woman*'s Bosom pent,
It frets and rumbles, 'till it finds a Vent.

Yet, howsoe'er inspir'd, *Hibernian* Brass,
Dear, *cath'lick*, Virtue! make my Labour pass;
Thy friendly Aid is needful, to promote
The proper Means t' attain my destin'd Lot,
And make me stand confess'd a Man of Note.

Thus qualify'd, the bashful MUSE grows bold
And grasps at Glory, Government, and Gold.

Unblushing

nblushing, now I claim the Royal Grace,
nd ask (strange Flight!) a SECRETARY's Place!
'is fit there be, at least, One BARD of STATE —
Vho knows but mine may prove the lucky Fate?
suits my Soul — and, were I but preferr'd,
hat Man of Verse would *then* be more rever'd?
d cut a Figure, so extremely new,
heWorld, withWonder, would myConduct view!
et never wou'd forget I walk'd on Foot —
d be important; but I wou'd not strut.

Mortals (whose Taste 'twere criminal to hit!
y Nature curst with the wrong Side of Wit!)
ill shake their Pates, and damn my daring Aim,
r, sneering, shew Propensity to blame;
itchell aspire to Government! (they'll cry)
POET fit for Offices so high!
orgetful, that *Mæcenas* was a BARD,
nd *Halifax*'s MUSE had this Reward;

That Verſe rais'd *Sylvius* to the tripple Crown,
And *Buchanan* to Places and Renown;
Diſtinguiſh'd *Prior* from the common Crowd,
And Pow'r and Praiſe on *Addiſon* beſtow'd.

But I, tho' bold the new Demand may ſeem,
Appeal to *WALPOLE*'s Judgment and Eſteem
To *Him*, great ARBITER of Truth and Wit!
To *Him* and REASON! I the Cauſe ſubmit.
Say, is the Soul, inſpir'd with Heav'nly Rage,
In State Affairs unable to engage?
Are Arts, and Laws, and Politicks, unknown
To tuneful Sons of *Helicon* alone?
Say, if the greateſt Difficulty lies,
In painting Nature, or chaſtiſing Vice?
If, to crown Virtue, to preſerve the Peace,
[illegible]ell Sedition, and our Wealth encreaſe,
[illegible] great, Laborious, and important, be,
[illegible]n to write Verſe, like *Milton*, or like *Me*?

Did † *Phalaris* receive a weak Reply?
Or had ‖ *Steſichorus* more Worth than I?

Hail POESIE! Inſpirer of the Mind!
Thou art the Teſt, and Glory, of Mankind!

From

† *Phalaris*, Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, in an Epiſtle to *Steſichorus*, the Poet, ſays, "But, for Heaven's Sake, tell me, "what made you, who are a Poet, forſake the quiet and "ſedate Courſe of Life, which that Art affords, to throw "your ſelf into the tumultuous State of a buſy Patriot, "when you might have enjoy'd that pleaſing Eaſe the "*Muſes* delight in, unforc'd? Now, ſince your Ambition "has tranſported you from a Poet to a Stateſman, you "muſt no longer expect the Rewards of a Poet, but of a "pretending Medler in Government, who aims at Things "above his Capacity. Farewell. *Select Letters of the Antients.*

‖ *Steſichorus*, the Poet, in his Anſwer to *Phalaris*'s Epiſtle, ſays, "I wonder at your odd Notion, that becauſe "I am a Poet, I ſhould not aim at State Affairs; for do "you think He, that has Capacity to write as a Poet, "ſhould find any Difficulty in adminiſtring the Affairs of "the Common-Wealth? The Difficulty of that is not ſo "great: 'Tis only made ſo by *Knaves* of a private Spirit, "who contrive and interweave their own Intereſts with "that of the Government. The Adminiſtration of *Juſtice*, the Execution of the *Laws*, puniſhing of *Vice*, "rewarding *Virtue*, diſciplining the *People*, ſecuring *Trade*, "encouraging *Arts*, providing for *publick Security*, and the "like, are Things perhaps none are ſo fit for as a Poet; "for he is not biaſs'd by private Gain to Partiality; he

"regards

From Thee, all mortal Acts receive a Grace!
Thy Sons are born prepar'd for any Place!
By Intuition, every Thing they know ——
But Men of Proſe, however ſure, are ſlow!
By lazy Labour, *Theſe* acquire a Name:
But *Thoſe*, like Eagles, tow'r, at once to Fame!

Yet, O ye Witlings, an egregious Throng!
Who think there's mighty Merit, in a Song;
That, if ye can but verſify with Eaſe,
And tag dull Proſe with Rhime, you've Right to pleaſe;
Or, labouring hard, perhaps a Piece produce,
Which *Rooke* might call a Copey of the MUSE;
Avaunt ——

" regards his own Intereſt laſt; and knows, that while
" the Publick's in Danger, nothing private can be ſecure.
" A Poet loves the publick Good and publick Liberty above
" all private Advantages; for he can never enjoy that plea-
" ſing and ſacred Reſt, you ſpeak of, under a *deſpotic* Go-
" vernment, where nothing is ſecure the Tyrant diſlikes;
" where all Words are liable to be puniſh'd; and, where
" Liberty of Acting and Words are reſtrain'd, there can
" be no Room for any generous Art. *Farewell.*

vaunt — nor, vainly, think the Honours, due
o genuine POETS, were deſign'd for you.
ay, are your Souls impreſs'd with Stamp divine?
n every Subject, can ye nobly ſhine?
rom barren Fields make beauteous Flow'rs ariſe?
nd, in rich Soils, diſplay a Paradiſe?
an ye, in Garrets, ſcorn the vulgar Great?
nd, when ye want a Groat, outbrave your Fate?
are ye, divinely, injur'd *Truth* aſſert?
nd ſooth the Sorrows of the Sufferer's Heart?
ith Zeal impartial, proud Ambition ſting?
nd clouded Charms of tatter'd Virtue ſing?
h! meanly Soul'd, in vain ye court the *Bays* —
n vain aſpire to ancient POET's Praiſe —
s well might Fops, or Clowns, pretend to teach
Hoadly, and *Clerk*, and *Waterland* to preach;
orrect great *Newton*; *Law*, in Figures, match;
nd rival *Peterborough*'s quick Diſpatch;
o Good, like *Chandois*; or, like *Dorſet*, grace
Court with Virtues, worthy of his Race;

Like

Like *Stair*, be modeſt — yet, in Arts of State,
Like him, accompliſh'd, and divinely Great;
Direct the Senate with a *Compton*'s Skill;
The Judgment Seat, like *King*, with Honour, fill
Th'ACHILLES of the War, like *Greenwich*, move
Or th' *Atlas* of the State, like *WALPOLE*, prov

How few, who deal in Metre, were deſign'd
For Offices of Pow'r, in any Kind?
How few cut out for Government appear?
An univerſal GENIUS is ſo rare!
But, as no *Rules* without *Exceptions* be,
Behold an Inſtance of the Thing, in Me!

It is confeſt — The ableſt UMPIRE ſtands,
Well ſatisfy'd, that Truſt, in *Mitchell*'s Hands,
Wou'd be diſcharg'd, with an impartial Zeal,
For *GEORGE*'s Glory, and BRITANNIA's Weal
He knows his honeſt Poet would diſdain
To make the publick Loſs a private Gain;

T

To head a Faction, or encourage Strife,
To prove a Cypher, or a Sot in Life;
To loll ſupine, like *lazy Lords*; be dull,
Yet of himſelf ſuperlatively full.

Mitchell, divinely fir'd, has nobler Views,
Seeks ſacred *Truth*, and Equity purſues,
The publick Good prefers above his own,
And covets Grandeur leſs, than fair Renown.

Heav'n too approves — For, lo! a vacant Place—
And who more proper to ſucceed his *Grace*?
SCOTIA demands a SECRETARY ſtill —
To ſink the Office might be taken ill.
A *Name*, a *Shadow*, tho' there were no more,
'S requiſite to gloſs the Matter o'er.
'S it a SINE-CURE? 'Tis ſhap'd for Me!
And, if 'tis Buſineſs, I'd not idle be.
Let me but try — and, if I misbehave,
I'll ne'er One Shilling of the Sallary crave.

Dubb me no Knight, or *Blue*, or *Green*, or *Red*,
But, in the Tow'r, confine me, 'till I'm dead,
With Pen, Ink, Paper, Water, Light, and Bread.

Ne'er had Man's Fancy more Delight in Dreams
Than mine receives from high and mighty Scheme
How I'd reform and civilize the *North*!
Controul *Rebellion*! and diſtinguiſh Worth!

From labouring Clowns, remove Complaints
Want!
And rid the KIRK of *Bigottry* and *Cant*!
Then Charity, and Money, ſhou'd be found!
And Learning, Truth, and Liberty, abound!
No furious Zeal ſhou'd *Then* embroil the Land!
No poor Man groan beneath th'Oppreſſor's Hand
No Sufferer cry, in vain, for due Redreſs!
No noble Genius languiſh in Diſtreſs!
Arts, Arms, Religion, Sciences, and Trade,
Shou'd flouriſh all, beneath my friendly Shade.

Mæcen

Mæcenas, Woolsy, Richlieu, Names renown'd!
Shou'd *Them,* in my Superior Name, be drown'd.

How sacred wou'd the mighty MONARCH be,
Who boasts a *premier Minister,* like Me!

Yet, 'midst the troublous Toils of State, sometimes,
My Soul wou'd take its dear Delight, in Rhimes—
Rhimes! not Amusements to my self alone,
But useful to my Country, when I'm gone.
I'd sing its Story; and produce to Light
Important Facts, involv'd in silent Night.
The MUSE can Merit from Oblivion save,
And glorify the Virtuous, and the BRAVE.

Methinks, I see the *Scotian* Race unborn,
By me inspir'd, their native Land adorn!
Observe the Aged point the Way to Fame!
And hear the Children lisp their POET's Name!

All read with Pleaſure, and with Pride rehearſe
Th' immortal Annals of my Patriot Verſe;
How their Forefathers, venerable grown!
Liv'd, fought, and dy'd, from Firſt Great FERGU[down]
Then ſhou'd our Heroes, long, long dead, revive
And, clear'd from Clouds of dark Oblivion, live!
The World again ſhou'd Great *Galgacus* ſee,
And *Sholto*'s Reſurrection owe to Me!
Wallace, in Verſe, ſhou'd prove a Patriot ſtill,
And *Bruce*, with Wonder, coming Ages fill!
Freſh Laurel crown th' unrival'd *Douglas* Line;
In deathleſs Glory, *Hays* and *Seatons* ſhine,
And *Campbells*, *Grahams*, and *Murrays*, be divine.

What Wonders wou'd the MUSE, and I, not do
Were we prefer'd, and ſet but fair in View!

Yes, * *Mirabel!* It is the Statesman's Part,
To give to Truth the Preference of Art. In

* Author of a late celebrated Epiſtle to the Right Honourable Sir *R. Walpole*.

ntegrity deserves the first Regard,
nd cannot miss, while WALPOLE rules, Reward.
Vell have you sung the Praise to Virtue due,
nd set the Charms of Friendship fair in View.
Kingdom, curst with Men of Manners loose,
nd Minds unsocial, needed such a Muse.
n Season you appear! When but to write,
r think, in Verse, is to be ruin'd quite.
OETS, by You, get Credit, even from *Those*,
Who wou'd distrust their *Creed*, if 'twere not Prose.
et, O retract —— recall the † Bolt you've thrown
o baulk bold GENIUS, or to bring it down;
or, *certes*, Wit and Virtue are not Foes.
Men of Verse, and always Friends in Prose.
hy so distinguish'd? Why, with Rival Rage,
rive they the Statesman's Favour to engage?

Compatible,

† Lines in the Epistle.
But yet, believe your undesigning Friend,
When *Truth* and *Genius* for your Choice contend,
Tho' both have Weight, when in the Ballance cast,
Let *Probity* be first, and *Parts* the last.

Compatible, at leaſt, they are avow'd;
For are not both in *Mirabel* allow'd?
Or ſay, is Place for clod-pate Virtue fit?
Virtue, *without* the ſocial Aid of Wit!
Virtue, *alone*, is like a Snail, that creeps,
Or heavy Clown, who, on his Journey, ſleeps;
Expos'd to Fops' and Coxcombs' Scorn it lies,
Loſes its Way, and unregarded dies;
If friendly *Genius* does not interpoſe,
And bear it far beyond the Paths of Proſe.
How low a Figure Virtue, *ſingly*, makes!
How liable, in *Office*, to Miſtakes!
Genius prevents, or wards the publick Scoff,
And ſets plain *Probity* with Honour off.
It animates, and adds a double Grace,
As ſprightly Eyes enrich a lovely Face.

Yet, *Muſe*, detract not from dear *Virtue's*
Praiſe,
Nor *Genius* high, above its Value, raiſe,

Tho' *That* but like an Aſs, in Buſineſs, moves,
And *This* an active, lordly Lion proves.
But let the Man, prefer'd by *WALPOLE*, be
Poſſeſt of Both, like *Mirabel*, and *Me*;
Or, if disjoin'd, the *Place* to *Genius* give,
And, on a *Penſion*, let plain *Virtue* live.

Mortals, my *Freedom* and *Conceit* excuſe —
Which of you all wou'd not DISTINCTION chuſe?

Who is not SOLON in his own Conceit,
With *Senſe*, *Experience*, *Arts*, and *Spirit*, fit
To guide the STATE, and give the *Stamp* to *Wit*?
Ye think your ſelves ſufficient — I but tell
The ſecret Thoughts, that in your Boſoms dwell.
Ye are, in Heart, as impudent and vain —
, more ingenuous, your dark Senſe explain;
And, were the *Truth*, perhaps, but clearly known,
My Wiſhes are more modeſt, than your own.

Who

Who knows but I (if 'twere my lucky Fate
To be declar'd a *Secretary of State*)
Wou'd, like King SAUL, moſt ſlyly ſtep aſide,
And, for a while, my worthy Perſon hide?

But, after all, ſhou'd *WALPOLE* gravely ſay
Mitchell, you muſt not turn your Head this Way—
Check'd, to my Patron's Judgment I'd agree,
And *Roxburgh* might reſume his Poſt for *Me*.

Nay, whether I ſhall be preferr'd to *Place*,
Or humbly ſneak from *Court* with ſome Diſgrace,
My purpos'd MUSE no other Means ſhall try,
Nor cou'd She, cordial, any where apply,
Since 'tis *reſolv'd by the whole Houſe of* ME,
That I'll not riſe, O *WALPOLE*, but by THEE.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

THE

ALTERNATIVE:

A N

Anacreontic PETITION

To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE,*

FOR THE

POWER and GLORY of a Royal COMMISSION,

To superintend the next

Publick LOTTERY,

Or the next

General ASSEMBLY of the KIRK.

By the AUTHOR of the *SINE-CURE,* &c.

——*Nil ſine Te mihi*
Poſſunt Honores Hor.
Totus muneris hoc tui eſt,
Quod monſtror Digito Prætereuntium. Ib.

WEARIED by continuous Strife
In the *Lottery of Life,*
Where, as yet, no noble Prize
To my Share has chanc'd to riſe.)

O how happy ſhall I be,
If, indulg'd by HEAV'N and *Thee*,
I, *commiſſion'd*, may appear
At the *Lott'ry of this Year!*
If my Art cou'd even hit
Taſte, like Thine — If I have Wit —
If there's Virtue in my Mind —
If my Works are well deſign'd —
If I'm worth a *SINECURE* —
All the MUSES *Thee* conjure,
By the *BATH*, of ORDERS beſt!
By Thy SELF, of *Knights* confeſt
Moſt deſerving, honour'd moſt,
EUROPE's Wonder, BRITAIN's Boaſt!
As Thou lov'ſt, or pity'ſt, *Me*,
WALPOLE, ſpeak, and *It ſhall be.*

With what Majeſty and Grace
MITCHELL then wou'd ſhew his Face!
How he'd dignify the Chair!
How preſerve *Decorum* There!

Be inſpir'd with nobler Flame!
Rival POPE in Verſe and Fame!
Pay his Debts! appear at Court!
Riſe to Place, and thank *Thee* for't.

But, if that *Commiſſion*'s full,
If thou can'ſt not make One null,
If his MUSE too late apply'd,
If there's any Cauſe beſide
For a Diſappointment, yet
MITCHELL ſcorns to be in Pet,
Or deſpair, while *Place* remains
Unſupply'd, and worth his Pains.

One there is —— but, gracious HEAV'N,
May I ſeek, and be forgiv'n?
WALPOLE's merciful; and I,
Tho' my Hopes are low, may try.
Never venture, never win,
Says the Proverb — MUSE begin.

Since, for *Cuſtom*, *Law*, or *Conſcience*,
(Or, for any Cauſe, but *Nonſence*)
One of Rank and high Degree
(Such as I'd be glad to be)
Once a Year is order'd North,
To convene our *Holders-forth*,
And to ſpeech it for the KING,
And to hear Them Pray and Sing,
Hear them *preach*, and hear them *prate*,
Hear them *quibble* and *debate*,
With religious Tone and Eyes,
Very learned, moſt preciſe,
Wond'rous eloquent and wiſe!
May not I, O *WALPOLE*, ſtand
Candidate? — The Time's at Hand:
Men and Brethren meet in *May*,
Danger lies in long Delay;
And your HONOUR knows that I
Muſt *equip*, and cannot *fly*.

As I'm orthodox *true Blue*,
nd a clever Fellow too;
rom the Cradle nurs'd and bred
lore *to lead*, than *to be led*;
et, becauſe I'm all bemus'd,
y the *Presbytry* refus'd;
ut as fit as any *Prieſt*,
ROMWELL-like, to cant, at leaſt;
leaſe to put me in the Place ——
ift your Poet to *his Grace* ——
hat, as HORACE ſtruck the Sky,
may, ſtately ſtrutting by,
umerous pointed Fingers ſee,
ll in Wonderment at *Me!*
nd the Hum of Thouſands hear
raught with my *Encomiums* dear!
lix'd with thine, my worthy *Knight*,
ly MÆCENAS, my Delight!

Be it ſo — *Amen*, ſay I —
See! I'm now prepar'd! I fly!
I've already got half Way!
Clear the Coaſt, ye Men of Clay —
Kindred Souls, come out, and meet me —
Countrymen, be glad, and greet me —
Jo Pean, cordial, ſing —
MITCHELL repreſents the KING!

Now, methinks, I ſee my ſelf
(What Conceit inſpires an Elf?)
Thron'd within an Elbow Chair,
Full of Majeſty and Care;
And, below, the *Kirkmen* pent,
Full of Grace and Government!
Elders, *Miniſters*, and *People*,
From grave PAUNCH and holy WEEPWELL,
Down to precious KEER and WHINE,
Rev'rend all, and all Divine!

Moderat

derator at their Head,
wder'd much, and Sage, indeed!
al and Spittle in his Mouth!
nguage heav'nly, tho' uncouth!
haritable all, and civil!
rong againſt the *Pope* and *Devil*!
ighty true to *GEORGE* and THEE!
ond'rous complaiſant to *Me*!
ried Diſputations paſt,
concil'd and juſt, at laſt!
—*l*——*nt*——*n* Himſelf, grown mild,
wning, cringing, like a Child,
wning *Verſe* may be of Uſe,
d the *Stage* without Abuſe!
ſh—rt, Fl---nt, M--cl--rin, H——rt,
ange to hear it! take my Part:
ady, were't not vain, to creep
bring Home the *baniſh'd Sheep*——
t to guide him, like a *Lamb*,
t obſerve him, as a *Ram*.

Lucky

Lucky Chance in lucky Time,
Lucky Suit in lucky Rhime,
Thou of PATRONS ever beſt,
I of POETS moſt carreſt,
Shou'd my Projects but ſucceed!
Shou'dſt thou ſay the *Word* indeed!

WALPOLE, thus, in various Strain,
Have I pray'd, and pray'd again,
Studious to make *Thee* my Friend,
And be happy in the End.
JACOB wanted thus to eat,
E'er he dy'd, of ſavoury Meat.
He was bit —— but HEAV'N forbid
I ſhould take a *Calf* for *Kid*.

EPILOGUE.

NOW, let *Fops* with Laughter ſplit,
Heart and Sides at what I've writ ——
Let the ſurly *Critick* rail,
And my MUSE and *me* aſſail ——
Equally I've learnt to rate
Blockhead's Praiſe, and *Madmen*'s Hate.

FINIS.